By drunken prophesies libels and dreames,
To set my brother *Clarence* and the King,
In deadly hate the one against the other,
And if King *Edward* be as true and iust
As I am subtile, false and trecherous:
This day should *Clarence* closely bee mewd vp,
About a prophesie which sayes that G.
Of *Edwards* heires the murtherer shall be.
Diue thoughts downe to my soule, *Enter Clarence with*
Heere *Clarence* comes; *a Guard of men.*
Brother, good dayes, what meane this armed guard
That waits vpon your grace?

Cla. His maiesty tendring my persons safety, hath appointed
This conduct to conuey me to the Tower.

Glo. Vpon what cause?

Cla. Because my name is *George*,

Glo. Alacke my Lord, that fault is none of yours,
He should for that commit your god fathers:
O belike his maiesty hath some intent
That you shall be new christned in the tower,
But what is the matter *Clarence*, may I know?

Cla. Yea *Richard* when I doe know, for I protest
As yet I doe not, but as I can learne,
He harkens after prophesies and dreames,
And from the crosse-row pluckes the letter G,
And sayes a wizard told him that by G,
His issue disinherited should be,
And for my name of *George* begins with G,
It followes in his thought that I am he;
These as I learne and such like toyes as these,
Haue moued his highnesse to commit me now.

Glo. Why this it is when men are rulde by women,
Tis not the King that sends you to the Tower,
My Lady *Gray* his wife, *Clarence* tis she
That tempts him to this extreamity,
Was it not she and that good man of worship
Anthony Woodvile her brother there,
That made him send Lord *Hastings* to the tower,
From whence this present day he is deliuered?
We are not safe *Clarence*, we are not safe.

Cla:

Cla. By heauen I thinke t
But the queenes kindred, a
that truge betweene the K
Heard you not what an hu
Lord *Hastings* was to her f

Glo. Humbly complayni
Got my Lord Chamberla
Ile tell you what, I thinke
If we will keepe in fauour
To bee her men and were
The iealous ore-worne wi
Since that our brother dub
Are mighty gossips in this

Bro. I beseech your grace
His maiesty hath straightly
That no man shall haue pri
Of what degree soeuer wi

Glo. Euen so and please yo
You may partake of any th
We speake no treason man,
Is wise and vertuous and th
Well stroke in yeares, faire
We say that *Shores* wife ha
A chery lip a bonny eye,
And that the Queenes kind
How say you sir, can you d

Bro, With this (My Lord)

Glo. Nought to do with M
He that doth nought with h
Were best he do it secretly a

Bro. What one my Lord

Glo. Her husband knaue,

Bro. I beseech your Grace
Your conference with the no

Cla. we know thy charge

Glo. We are the Queenes
Brother farewell I will vnto
And whatsoeuer you will in
Were it to call King *Edward*

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